MEMORIES

by

Esther Winder Polk Lowe
(Mrs. Enoch Louis Lowe)
1824 – 1918

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Research Center
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(MRS. ENOCH LOUIS LOWE)

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Written in 1913

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Havre de Grace, Maryland

Esther Winder Polk Lowe, ca.1850
(Courtesy Maryland Historical Society)

FORWARD

Esther Winder Polk was born into the genteel ante-bellum world of the rural gentry in a quiet corner of the Eastern Shore of Maryland. In her early years she led an idyllic life of traditional values inhabited with colorful personalities, and in 1844 married Enoch Louis Lowe, an aspiring young lawyer from Frederick, Maryland. In just a few years Mr. Lowe quickly moved up in political circles and was elected the youngest-ever Governor of Maryland in 1851, attaining the required age of thirty just before his inauguration.

With her husband as Governor, the departed President her kinsman, a burgeoning young family, living in a magnificent mansion astride the Chesapeake at Annapolis, the pageantry of the new Naval Academy at their door, it is hard to imagine what more heaven could offer Esther Lowe, only twenty seven years old at the time. This surely was a perfect life. Yet somehow it was not one that left her unsuited for the hardships and the sharp reversal of fortune that was soon to follow with the maelstrom of the Civil War. Governor Lowe was a Southerner and his political views forced him to relocate to Virginia, and then to Georgia, for fear of retribution. The years that followed surely tried the courage and character of this family, but did not find them wanting. As with many southern families, all was lost and they were reduced to the barest essentials, especially in the last winter of the war. In the face of the post-war reconstruction Enoch Lowe decided to move to New York City and resume his legal career, believing the cosmopolitan environment to be more tolerant and hopeful than the devastated South. This proved a wise choice and in due course he met with success.

Enoch and Esther Lowe lived out their days in Brooklyn, he dying in 19-- and she in 1918. The present memoirs were written very late in Esther LoweÆs long life but with a clear and stately mind, and we are fortunate that they have survived. They are a poignant record of an aristocratic spirit living through a watershed era of American history.

The text of these memoirs is available in the form of a handwritten transcription from the original, available as MS 1949 in the Manuscripts Department of the Maryland Historical Society Library, whose permission to publish the present text is gratefully acknowledged.

J. F. Polk
Havre de Grace
February 1999

My dear Daughter: -

You ask my Memories. In a life well nigh spent, there is left but retrospect, and memory, clouded by age with its attendant infirmities, will I trust appeal to your indulgence, should it fall short of expectation.

In the stream of life there are currents and countercurrents, some gliding smoothly, some in varied gradations slowly or rapidly wending their way until the end, whilst others rushing wild, foaming in maddened fury, leap over precipices and are lost in the vast ocean. My life is like the small stream rising in mountain fastness, slowly meandering its way, oftentimes calm, limpid, unobstructed, sometimes rippling and sometimes dashing against rocks and shoals, threatened to be swallowed by the whirlpool. And yet through all these changes of times and conditions, I have lived almost 89 years - surely a relic of the past.

It was on the 29th day of February, 1824, that I first saw the light, and traditions of the family were the only inheritance of which I can boast, and those interesting me were guarded as sacred.

My ancestor, Robert Bruce Pollock, came from the North of Ireland about the year 1660 and settled in Somerset County on the Eastern Shore of Maryland having received a grant of land from the King of England. From some cause or other the place was known as "Polk's Folly". Why it was so called no one seems to know - perhaps they went to unnecessary expense for those times when the stability of government was insecure owing to various causes, notably the constant threat of Indian outrages in that section, the Nanticokes just there being a most savage tribe. Robert Bruce Pollock moved from these lands, which were situated upon the Manokin River - beautiful tributary of the Chesapeake Bay to lands purchased by him on the Wicomico River - another beautiful stream, arm of the Chesapeake Bay. This place was named "White Hall", and it was there that Judge David Polk, grand son of Robert Bruce Pollock, and grandfather of my Father, and my great grandfather, was born, lived and died.

My grandfather, Judge William Polk, was Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and I am proud to say he was appointed in those days when Judges were selected for high moral standing, superior talent, and knowledge of Jurisprudence, rather than by weight of dollars and cents or strong political following. My grandfather was married three times. His first wife was Esther Winder, who was a sister of Governor Winder. By that marriage there were three daughters, the oldest, Elizabeth, who married Mr. Fromentine, the first U. S. Senator after the purchase of Louisiana. The second daughter, Esther,

married three times. By way of episode, I will mention that it was for this aunt I was named. The story goes that at my birth she said to my mother that if I should be called "Esther", after her, she would give me a fortune. My Mother, tempted by her promise, did so. I received the name, but not the fortune. My Aunt Esther married Captain King, a man of high birth and fortune. Her second husband was Doctor Winder, her cousin, nephew of Governor Winder. A few years after his death she married Colonel Alexander Stuart - lawyer by profession and half brother of my mother. The third daughter, Gertrude, married General William H. Winder, her cousin, a distinguished member of the Baltimore Bar. These aunts of mine were women of talent, as were the Polks generally of that generation - men and women. My grandfather's second wife was Nancy Dennis, a widow - maiden name Purnell. Her husband was lost at sea. She had one child when she married my grandfather whose name was Littleton Purnell Dennis. He became a man of distinction in Maryland and died in Congress where his body now rests in the Capitol Cemetery. I remember him well, a kind man, Uncle Littleton! He never married, lived on a farm on the Wicomico River, which place was left by him to my Father, who was his half brother and the only child of the marriage of Nancy Dennis and Judge William Polk.

My grandfather when over 60 years of age, whilst attending a sitting of the court in Worcester County, met a beautiful young woman (whose name I cannot recall) and whom he afterwards married. He brought her to White Hall. She was the mother of Aunt Anne Johnson. After the death of my grandfather, she married Doctor Savage of Cambridge Maryland, and they emigrated to Augusta Georgia.

My Father was left motherless at the age of three years and was brought up by the three sisters above mentioned. They all seemed to live together happily at White Hall, but like all things human, changes took place and the home was broken up.

The marriage of my parents took place in 1817 - my Mother 17 years of age, my Father 21. They were married without the consent or knowledge of their brothers and sisters, having no parents to consult, both being orphans since early childhood and possessing adequate means to make the venture of matrimony. It was in the old home White Hall that they commenced their marital cares, and it was there the two first children were born and died. After that they moved to Princess Anne, a little village of about 900 inhabitants. My brother William was the first child born there - an extremely gentle, amiable boy. He grew to manhood; married in the state of Texas; enlisted in the Civil War; contracted disease and died. My sister, Mary, my companion by day and night, in doors and out of doors, in joy and in sadness - I say sadness because the next in our household was Elizabeth who died and although mere children, almost babies the death of that dear little sister is as fresh in memory as of yesterday. How

mistaken those who say that the sorrow of children is not poignant. My sister, Ariana, came next. A sweet, black eyed child, now an old woman whose checkered life has been born with singular cheerfulness and resignation to the behests of fortune. After Ariana came Thomas Hampden, A beautiful boy - he died. Then dear James, my favorite brother - always kind, considerate of every one, buoyant under the weight of unremitting misfortune. He died in the prime of life, beloved and regretted by all who knew him. Lucius and Josiah were the last, and when I married in 1844 were small children. Both of these brothers were affectionate and kind and I was much attached to them. Josiah died in 1901. Lucius is still alive.

It behooves the autobiographer to use freely the personal pronoun, a distasteful necessity, savoring as it does of conceit; but as it is one of those things subservient to usage and cannot be dispensed with, I hope, the writer will not be amenable to criticism.

One of my first recollections is the house wherein I was born - situated on the main street of the pretty little village. As all objects to the eye of a child are in proportion to physical capacity and limitation, so to mine that old home looked a magnificent structure, the columns supporting the piazza seemed gigantic - the very acme of architectural beauty. The grounds in the front were sodded and gloried in the possession of two magnificent trees - one sugar maple, the other a catalpa. Often under the shadow of those old trees my sister and I played doll house and the wealth of the Indies could not have given more pleasure in its wealth of ornamentation than did a little scrap of cotton tied around our home made rag babies. The garden back of the house, covering at least an acre of ground, was a beauty in its way, always plentifully supplied with luscious fruits and vegetables, and at the entrance were two beautiful arbors covered with sweet smelling woodbine, whose delicious blossoms, wet with morning dew, permeated the atmosphere with life giving odors. In a remote corner stood the cabin of old Aunt Hannah - our faithful old nurse - whose days for work had passed, her sole duty being to take charge of the children when mother was visiting. Aunt Hannah was a great prayer. Often have we stood at her door and listened to her fervent prayer. On Friday she fasted the entire day, a custom religiously observed throughout life. Why this self imposed penance I cannot imagine; certainly it was not the result of education or example since no one black or white ever followed that rule.

On the street back of our house was an Episcopal Church and quite an aristocratic congregation was there. About the time of the Oxford Movement headed by Doctor Pusey, an eminent divine of the Church of England, a change came over a certain portion of the Congregation who wished to join the Pusey Movement, whilst others, calling themselves low church, held fast to old rules and customs. No ornamentation of the alter had been spoken of , such a thing

being considered rank heresy by some, or a tendency to Popery by others. Naturally there was great commotion among the faithful of high church and low church. John H. Stewart or J.H.S. as he often signed himself as vestryman, chief loud singer and Major Domo in all things pertaining to church matters, took the lead in the high church party, and had placed over the alter the letter J.H.S. (Jesu Salvator Hominum). Old Mrs. Betsy Pullett was leader of the low church party and jealous of John H. Stewart's authority, looked at the altar, saw the letters J.H.S. and exclaimed" What presumption! John H. Stewart to have the audacity to put his initials over the altar." There were exciting times with villagers whose isolation - results of the geographic situation of the Eastern Shore - made them more sensitive and than those in touch with the world. And now, whilst upon this subject, my memory goes back to the social conditions of those people 70 years ago. Isolation, although hampering them in regard to certain material advantages, has its full compensation in others. There were no steamboats, no railroads, and mails came but once a week, consequently following traditions of the old Country and thrown entirely upon their own resources for social entertainment literature was generally studied, and to be conversant with the highest standards of English Classics, was the ambition of all well bred persons. I have said there were no means of transport. Between Baltimore and the Eastern Shore small sail boats alone were used for conveying freight to and from those points. In order to get to Baltimore it was necessary to go in one of those little boats. Imagine the discomfort - a little bit of a cabin with four berths and sometimes it would take an entire week to make the Journey. Crossing the Atlantic was nothing in comparison to it. The traveler would be in consternation days before starting in apprehension of dangers to be encountered upon the waters of the Chesapeake. Sixty years ago, perhaps a little before, a steamboat came once a week to White Haven, a hamlet on the Wicomico River.

The sports of the old country, handed down from father to son, were religiously kept up -- considered a proud inheritance. Fox hunting, horse racing, card playing, and many other sports of country gentlemen were freely indulged in. Generally they were large land and slave holders. My grandfather had many slaves, and it is told of him that upon an occasion when the services of an extra cook or to assist was questioned by him was questioned as to her knowledge of cooking, she was asked, " Betty, can you make ice cream?" Her answer was " oh yes indeed Master". Then the question: "How do you do it?" To which she replied: " Well Master some fries it in butter, some in fats." As a result Betty's services were not required.

My grandfather died in 1814, so, of course, I never saw him, but to judge of his personal appearance in paintings made by Charles Wilson Peale, now in possession of my nephew, Judge James P. Garter, he was a man of fine presence, striking personality. My Aunt Esther lived in the country a few miles from Princess Anne. Her residence a large mansion built from brick brought from

England, was one of the most elegant in the counties. I remember well her carriage, which as a child, I thought was so beautiful. It was yellow and quite a sorrow to me -- I was then six years old only -- that our coach was brown and not yellow. When my aunt came into town in that bright coach, drawn by two spanking gray horses and a footman opened the door and unfolded the steps that she might alight, I thought se looked like Queen Elizabeth, whose picture was in my spelling book. I had just begun to go to school, to a village school master. It was there that I commenced my education in ABC, and graduating in the primer, I was sent to a school kept by a relative -- a lady of superior attainments, whose graceful form and dignified bearing were a practical lesson to her pupils. I can truly say that all I ever learned was at that simple school. Later when it was supposed that my mind was sufficiently developed to take advantage of a fashionable boarding school training, I was entered into what was styled a first class Young Ladies Academy. There were many girls from the adjacent counties -- also from the Eastern Shore of Virginia. My particular friend and classmate was Martha Denny from Talbot County -- afterwards married to Doctor Harrison, a man of literary acquirements. Martha was a congenial girl, happy and always ready for fun. She was the mother Mrs. Noble who lived near you in Baltimore. Two years ago she passed away. Another girl I remember was Rosa Williams. She was the star of the first magnitude whose superiority claimed the obeisance of the entire school, extending even to the Principle herself, who after Rosa's entrance, changed and made rules in accordance with those that Rosa followed in a boarding school in Philadelphia where she was supposed to have been at one time a pupil. She always wore demi-train, held up her head and walked like a queen. Recognition from her was an epoch from a girl and the condescension of a smile almost threw the fortunate recipient into fits. Well, Rosa married Lieutenant Inge of the US army who was stationed somewhere in a western fort. Major Arnold, whom I knew, was in command and lived there with his family. Mrs. Arnold, an amiable woman, of domestic habits, made her own preserves and pickles. One day when making preserves Rosa expressed the desire to see the process and looking intently at the boiling fruit said "Oh I perceive the sugar incorporates itself with the fruit and enters the interstices." This little incident was told me by the major himself who was greatly amused. It was at that period that the Mexican War commenced and Rosa's husband Lt. Inge was the first officer to loose his life in that conflict. I have never heard of her since, but suppose that like all my school mates and contemporaries has passed into the Unknown World.

My Father and Mother loved to entertain. Hospitality was to them a sacred virtue and friend or wayfarer entering into their home was always sure of warm welcome, a generous supply of all things eatable and drinkable. Upon one occasion an old Methodist preacher from Devil's Island, which was distant about 20 miles from Princess Anne, was making his yearly visit to the town, as was the custom of the Islanders for the purchase of winter supply or provision, called to

see my father. The old man was a well known character, uneducated, but original. All the Islanders knew my father and were fond of him. Upon one occasion, Mr. Joshua Thomas, such was his name, came to the village and my father asked him to dinner. After they had all finished the old man said: "Brother Polk, we will pray" and down they all knelt around the table. He said: "Oh Lord, bless brother Polk and his pretty little wife. He gave me not only the meats, but the sweets of his house also." Mr. Thomas had a canoe of extraordinary size, made by himself out of one pine tree, a boat that in the far South is called a dugout. It is said that always at the end of his prayer was :"Lord bless me and my Kuner" (canoe). These Islanders were people remote from civilization, knew nothing of the world and its doings. They lived upon the products of the water and in their simple lives enjoyed the bliss of ignorance.

Devil's Island is at the mouth of the Manokin River and it was upon that beautiful arm of the Bay that the sailboats which conveyed passengers to Baltimore anchored. To get to those boats it was necessary to go to the house of Colonel Arnold Jones, whose stately residence upon the silvery shore of the Manokin stood out a beacon light to seafaring people. Colonel Jones was one of my fathers intimate friends -- an aristocrat who loved those alluring sports of which has already been spoken. His home was called Elm Wood. Oh, how I loved that expansive water view and almost envy the fortunate owners of that grand old home situated upon a velvety lawn gently sloping to the rivers edge, whose shores of sparkling sand afforded delightful bathing. In minds eye now, I see the lavish style of entertaining in those country homes -- The grand old mahogany table groaning under weight of luscious viands -- the very acme of culinary skill. and with it " feast of reason and flow of soul" the embodiment of corporal, mental, and heart full hospitality. The Polk family, aristocratic by birth cultured and by nature genial were noted for their generous hospitality. My father partook largely of their characteristics. Just here I cannot omit to mention my mother whose claim to good breeding was quite equal to that of the Polks. She was the daughter of Doctor Alexander Stuart, conspicuous as Surgeon in the War of the Revolution and a particular friend of George Washington, on whose staff he served. It is through regard to the memory of my mother that I mention this and not for myself as I lay but little store in my family records beyond a certain point, agreeing with the poet that "rank is but the guinea's stamp, the man's the gold for a' that." My mother however, had different ideas and was proud of her Scotch ancestry. To go a little farther into her immediate family may be interesting to you. She had four brothers -- one was killed in a duel, as mentioned in Old Kent by George Hanson. Two were lawyers and one Consul to Manila under the administration of President Monroe. This last mentioned brother was killed in an insurrection of the natives. She had four sisters. The two elder ones married and lived to be very old. The third sister was thrown from a carriage and instantly killed. The fourth sister was the mother of Doctor Thomas Williams of Cambridge, Maryland, and of your two lovely cousins, Rebecca and

Annie, who were brought up by my mother and were to me like sisters. You know they have both passed away. Rebecca died at our house in Frederick and rests in our lot in the Catholic cemetery. The grave marked by head and foot stone upon which is engraved simply her name and the beautiful words "Sursum Corda."

These little memories are I know fragmentary and disjointed, but dear child, you will have to take them as they come and go, irrespective of order -- so much by way of episode.

When I was about eight years old I had an experience never to be forgotten. For months, it seemed to be years, an inexpressible terror possessed me. There had been a rising of the Negroes in North Hampton Virginia, a butchery of the Whites rivaling that of San Domingo. The spirit of revolt spread throughout the Eastern Shore and in a county without police protection we were at the mercy of the slaves. The dread of massacre was at our door and the dread of terrible torture was maddening. This condition of fear was followed by months of unrest.

My father's mother was a native of Worcester County. Her name, Purnell, was the most prominent one there. A desire to visit my numerous relatives induced my parents to give consent. One summer I accompanied my cousin Hettie Purnell -- who was then at school in Princess Anne -- to her home to spend vacation. She was the daughter of Doctor George Purnell. He lived near the ocean; from his house could be heard the roaring of the great Atlantic. A favorite excursion was a walk to the beach, then only a long stretch of land, now the well known Summer resort, Ocean City. Upon one occasion my cousin and I together with a party of boys and girls set out for the bathing ground. We all donned bathing suits, such as they were, simple calico gowns. Mine happened to have been in use often and as the sequel proved, not seaworthy; however, there was no close examination for in the enthusiasm and buoyancy of youth anything sufficed for the moment. I was proud to be gallanted by a chivalrous youth who helped me to hold fast to the hulk of a old wrecked ship -- the only surety in case of danger. The waves rolled over me and my calico. I bore the brunt , but alas, my bathing dress succumbed and from the waste to foot was torn to tatters. Imagine my discomfiture. That was my first and last experience in surf bathing.

It was in 1843 that suffering from the effects of severe fever, my parents thought it necessary I should leave the low lands, hoping that bracing mountain air would restore me to health. A friend in the Virginia Valley had invited my sister and me to make her a visit. We did so, and a more genial, delightful family could not be found anywhere. They lived in a large stone house, beautifully situated in view of the Blue Ridge Mountains and surrounded by vast acres of fruitful land. Nothing particularly eventful or startling took place while there;

one day passing pretty much as another -- mornings spent in exercise or reading and afternoons agreeably spent at the Jordan White Sulfur Springs which at that time was noted for the excellence of its waters. We stayed several weeks without friends and the efficacy of those waters was apparent in my complete restoration to health. To return to our home, it was necessary to pass the Frederick Junction of the B & O Road. We had a cousin in Frederick who had often invited us to visit her. Arriving at the Junction, we remembered and concluded to stop with her a few days. She was delighted to see us and nothing was left undone to make the time pass agreeably. A beautiful entertainment was given us to which were invited the best people of the town. Colonel Hanson mentioned the names of two or three eligible young men -- one in particular, a Mr. Lowe, recently from a college in England, and most enthusiastic in admiration ventured to say he hoped one of us would catch the prize. Mr. Lowe called. Not to be exact in detail would be an unpardonable omission, therefore to pass the subject of that period of my life, so important and absorbing would be an injustice to the hero of my story. Your father's personal appearance to me, his charms were most striking. His was the form of an Apollo, slight and graceful; hair black, hanging upon his shoulders -- the supposed type of poetic temperament and to complete the comparison by his admirers, the prototype of Lord Byron -- even collar carelessly opened at the neck, according to Byronic style was so worn to accentuate more decidedly the similarity. Such was his appearance, and his physiognomy of classic mold in perfect harmony with the general personality was captivating in the extreme to young women -- even to those like myself not particularly blessed with romantic tendencies. To look back upon those days seems now a dream, and a pleasant one, although the sorrows and misfortunes of life would seemed to have effaced the memories of youthful pleasures. He looked to me grand -- distinguished, patrician. Entering the room, hat in hand, he made a sweeping bow of a style unknown to Eastern Shore people, something I thought particularly English as the Maryland style of bowing was rather short in comparison. He wore a Boston made coat which he considered a perfection of cut, and it did become his slight, graceful form. Several times he called to see us and books were discussed largely. I knew more about novels then than I do now, for to be considered "well-read" was quite a hobby with me. I was conversant with the works of Bulwer, Walter Scott and all the well-known authors of that day; also upon historical subjects my memory was fresh, and you may be sure, was not dormant, nor were the legitimate wiles of innocent finesse omitted upon that occasion. The question was quietly asked in the family which of the two sisters the handsome Mr. Lowe would fancy -- of course, if either one would be the lucky winner. An intuitive desire to marry a man of whom an ambitious young woman would be proud inclined in my most inmost heart the unworthy feeling of endeavor to look my best, even to the extent to surpass my sister, who was indeed handsomer than I, having the advantage of height and gracefulness of form, a charm that I had not; besides which she was endowed with grace of manner and readiness of wit which made her more magnetic than I could ever

be. The advantage, and only one, with which nature had favored me was a fine, sympathetic voice, and the sequel proved it was not used in vain. We passed two weeks most delightfully in that pretty mountain village. The time came that we must go home and when leaving the door of our cousin, a messenger handed me a bouquet. Hidden in the leaves was a tiny, dainty little note saying that Mr. Lowe would go to Princess Anne soon. Imagine the agitation of hope uncertain. We left and reached Baltimore in good time, the next day taking the boat for home. I say the boat, because it was the only one; and such a boat -- two sails; a little bit of a cabin with two berths. I think it took about six days to reach the Manokin River where a canoe, rowed by one colored man, landed us on shore at the house of Mrs. Nancy Jones, widow of Colonel Arnold Jones, my father's friend of whom I have already spoken. Mrs. Jones according to the custom of the country gave us a hardy greeting and "Aunt Diana" , the cook was told to tell "Uncle Simon" to take the canoe and go out into the river and bring in large oysters for dinner. How my memory goes back to those days of simple life when to ask a person to come for one week, or two weeks, or to name any particular length of time, was considered the greatest violation of hospitality. Come when you please, go when you please was the motto of the time. Mrs. Jones, seeing that we were anxious to go home -- remembering to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest -- ordered her coach and sent us home.

In the course of six weeks, the prophecy of the little note was fulfilled -- an epoch in the life of that little village. He remained a few days only. You wonder how he got there. A steamboat took passengers from Baltimore to Cambridge, thence by hired hacks, the only available public conveyances in those days. Six months afterwards we were married and I left the home of my childhood.

Since the Civil War, the Eastern Shore has taken on a new aspect. The gentlemen of estates, almost baronial, are no more, an influx of nondescripts have taken possession and no longer is seen the old coach with driver of ebony hue, or the gig made after English fashion, wending its quiet gait on those level roads, shaded by gigantic trees, on the way to visit Mrs. John Teackle or Miss Mary Gale; jogging along content with all the world; no thought of tomorrow or a rainy day since corn was plentiful and Negroes happy. How changed! Material advantages, so to speak, have superseded the primitive mode of that quiet, contented Eastern Shore, and with those innovations, so highly prized by present generations, the query comes, do they enjoy with their railroads and automobiles of lightning speed, the same sense of security and peace of mind as did our forefathers whose habits of life contributed to quiet thoughtfulness and culture of mind.

We were married on the twenty-ninth day of May 1844. My kinsman, James K. Polk, was just then nominated for the Presidency and the Democrats throughout the country were wild in excitement. It was on the first day of June

that I arrived in Frederick and with timidity natural to youth, I approached my intended house with fear and trembling. How would I be received. What should I say; a thousand hopes and fears, rushing pell-mell into my brain -- and all for nothing. At the front door stood dear Aunt Victoire, face beaming with kindness. She kissed me and with the words: "Welcome, dear Child, welcome." Quietly handed me over to your grandmother who affectionately embraced me -- the wife of her adored son -- with the warmth of a mother's love. That scene is imprinted upon my heart never to be effaced. Looking back, and judging as I am now capable, those two women in superiority of mind and high moral qualities, were peerless. I lived with one of them seventeen years and with the other a few years less, and can truly say that apart from my own shortcomings -- those little inequalities of character generally found in youth -- no conflicting elements characterized our peaceful companionship. And how could it be otherwise when patience, so necessary to the tranquillity of family life, was ever the abiding principal and rule of action in that home.

Aunt Victoire in physique was regal -- of majestic bearing. At that period she had attained the age of 66 years, and although time had naturally made its impress, beauty of expression, of tenderness and sympathy were still in those eyes of loving kindness. She was angelic; I will never look upon her like again. Your grandmother perhaps was possessed of stronger mentality and somewhat of pride of intellect; but of unswerving principal and readiness to correct a wrong should she consider herself to have judged rashly. Self-sacrifice was their rule of life. They were most generous and appeal from any charity was never unheeded, unless it savored of Protestant progress, and in that they were stern as rocks. No compromise was the watchword and to give to the rearing of Protestant churches was considered by them as such. During the cholera, Aunt Victoire had tents erected just outside of Frederick where Irish laborers on the B&O road, then in the course of construction were cared for and nursed at her expense. Another interesting and notable example of her charity I must quote. These fact I have heard from a friend of the family; not directly from them, for they were not of the class to blazon to the world the works of the "right hand." Owing to the Insurrection of St. Domingo, people of vast wealth became impoverished. Obliged to flee the country, they sought refuge in the United States and elsewhere. Amongst them was a friend of Aunt Victoire who was wandering in the South with two grandchildren. Aunt Victoire heard of their pitiable condition and sent them to come to the Hermitage, and there they remained. They grew up to be charming women. One married and became the mother of three children. The two first were mutes, the third at the age of ten months, gave sign of being able to speak. The mother was overjoyed; but it was short-lived for she fell victim to that dreadful scourge, the cholera, before hearing him lisp the word "mother". The other daughter became a Sister of Charity. She went to New Orleans and there established a house for orphans where for twenty-five years she worked indefatigably and died the very day that

the Union soldiers took possession of that city. Sister Francis Regis, a name well-known and revered by everyone in New Orleans. I hear that a monument would be erected to her memory. What became of the mother of these two children was a mystery. She deserted her children and no one knew why. Of course, there were whisperings. To continue this story as I heard it, one day Sister Regis, when upon a mission of charity, visiting a hospital was asked to see a dying woman there. She answered the call and in the course of conversation discovered that it was her mother.

It was in Annapolis in 1854 that Aunt Victoire met with the accident that caused her death a few weeks later. Your grandmother after a lingering illness, died on Good Friday in 1861. They both died as they had lived, the exemplar of all the virtues.

My life in Frederick after marriage was uneventful -- the same as in the course of human events characterizes every woman. Children came, and with maternity cares and responsibilities; but with all I managed to recreate myself by a visit now and then to Baltimore where my parents then resided. One visit in particular I remember which gave me great pleasure. It was about the year 1848 that Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale as she was called, was in Baltimore. Being the first famous singer since Mme. Malibran -- who many years before I was born had visited this country -- her coming created a perfect furor. In New York, boxes at the theater sold for fabulous prices -- notably one was bought by Knox the Hatter at an enormous price -- I think eleven hundred dollars. Of course it was an advertisement for his hats. Your father, grandmother Lowe and I went to hear her. I was disappointed but dared not say so, as the people were madly wild about her. Now, at liberty to express my opinions, I do say that I have heard others since that time whose vocalization pleased me more. There was some clap trap about her which took the crowd. Her voice was in a way phenomenal, possessing powers of ventriloquism which enabled her to perform vocal feats which no other singer had ever done before or since. For instance in the echo song she threw her voice so as to make a perfect, natural echo. Sister Mary and I called upon her. She was not pretty, nor was her manner either graceful or gracious. She was rather brusque, however public indulgence overlooked the superficial for those substantial qualities so nobly demonstrated in an unselfish desire to appropriate her talent to charity, as well as to her own personal profit. In every city she gave one concert for the poor. She sang only in concert. Her best and greatest number was "I know that my Redeemer liveth".

It was in 1850 that your father's ambition aroused, led him into a new career, that of politics. Up to that time, he had practiced law. Mr. John W. Baughman, his partner, was married the day before we were, and as companions for both your father and me were invited to live in our house as members of the family. We never regretted the companionship of these lifelong friends. Their

first child, Victor was born three weeks before your sister Adelaide and the tie of friendship was knotted more tightly by those babies whose coming into a household without children shed light and cheerfulness where before a somber atmosphere had pervaded the house, inhabited as it had been by two women alone, whose tastes and habits were at variance with their surroundings. They were strictly religious Catholics and at that period there were few of such -- of their social standing -- in Frederick. The population was mostly German, and as may be supposed the teachings of Calvin and Luther, bitterly antagonistic to Catholicism, had taken so strong a hold on their prejudices as to control neighborly feelings. Naturally a cold, severe reserve gave a serious and sad coloring to the live of grandmother and Aunt Victoire. I remember how systematically once a year your grandmother called formally upon certain persons of her acquaintance -- how formal her demeanor, and a remark I once heard her make speaking of Mrs. T. "She is very sweet, but we are like two lambs upon the brink of a precipice -- a gulf between; we look across the gulf and smile at each other; but that impassable gulf is there." She seemed never able to throw off that feeling which seems to us strange now since the ingress of the foreign element has so changed social conditions as to make us forget the bitterness and bigotry of past generations.

When your Father was nominated for Governor he was not thirty years old, but attained the legal age before election. We had then four children, Adelaide, Anna, Paul, and Louis. On January first, after the election we went to Annapolis. Never can I forget our entrance into that grand old colonial mansion, once the abode of Governor Eden, the English Governor, who at the beginning of the Revolutionary War made his escape to England. His house was confiscated by the state -- a delightful residence situated upon Annapolis Bay, just where the beautiful Severn joins it. A broad expanse of water as far as the eye could reach was the view from the spacious back porch; only the outlines of Kent Island to interrupt it. The structure was built of English brick; a main building and at each end a wing -- one used as breakfast room, the other as library. A large hall of entrance separated dining and drawing rooms and at the end of the hall a large semi-circular room, extending the entire width of the building was used on special occasions -- such as state dinners held each week -- necessarily requiring a spacious room. The garden sloping gradually to the water was most attractive. Two immense fig trees, so large that children and even grown persons could sit in their branches. Bushels of figs were gathered from these trees and supplies sent to friends in Baltimore who like ourselves enjoyed the luscious fruit. Alas! Those beautiful trees were killed in the severe cold of the winter of 1863 or thereabouts. A few years ago the house was purchased by the U. S. Government and enclosed in the Navy Yard and has since been torn down -- upon its site has been erected a magnificent Armory.

Many a delightful hour have I passed in that delightful historic building; and again as "into each life some rain must fall" it was there that the first deep sorrow pierced my heart. One morning when all was bright and sunshine, I saw my little children playing in the garden and my little Louis, the elder boy, was wearing a wreath of morning glories upon his head. He looked the picture of health. That night a violent fever seized him and the next day at that same hour that I saw him running and playing in the garden, his little body lay in death. It was truly the first great grief of my life and for months the mention of his name was an arrow penetrating my very soul.

It was about that time my friend Mrs. Alexander Randall, daughter of the illustrious William Wirt, lost two of her children -- one a little boy of three years fell into a tub of boiling brine. How differently are all forms in this world, although doubtless possessed of equal depth of feeling. I thought she would be crushed, yet with a certain degree of Christianity or philosophy or whatever one may call it, she sat up in her chair and in her lap was held the seared body of that poor little boy -- posed for a photographer. She wrote me in her poetic style that "for sometime the Angel of Death has been hovering over our home." She was a very spiritual woman and highly gifted. I wondered how she could do and say all that she did. It only goes to prove that wise nature has created minds and hearts of varied forms and to put ourselves in judgment as to degree of feeling is truly presumption. Not long after I left Annapolis she died of cancer -- that lovely daughter of one of Maryland's most distinguished sons.

Our domestic contingent at the Government House consisted of cook, two butlers, housemaid, nurse and coachman. The butlers belonged to us. They were competent, honest, and self-respecting. Augustus particularly -- the first butler-- feeling superiority of his white blood, yielded to "no niggers" when it was a question of precedence, sustaining his right on the ground of aristocratic descent -- his father being an "Honorable Judge." There were many amusing things which happened among the "Colored ladies and gentlemen" of Annapolis. A marked feature of the Negro character was ambition to talk like educated people and in conversation to use words which they did not understand and naturally mispronounced. For instance, the servants of one of my friends gave a party. They seemed to be hilarious and she heard one of them say in loud voice "Mr. Johnsing exaggerate that waiter around upon your hyperbolia". What he meant was a mystery to be solved. One very important personage was Moses Lake, an aristocratic Black "gentleman" who enjoyed the distinction of professional barber. He was particularly distinguished having been valet of Chief Justice Buchanan during a tour of England and Ireland. It was in London, at a great function where guests were announced in loud voice, when Moses, unused to that custom, imagined that the Marquis of Wellesley, or some other grand dignitary, was receiving more honor than the Chief Justice, who was just approaching. Fearing he might not be noticed, Moses cried out in stentorian

voice: "The Lord Chief Justice of America". The walls of Moses' barbershop were adorned with pictures of well-known places in England and Ireland. There was one labeled "Moses Lake in Westminster Abbey," another "Moses Lake at the Lakes of Killarney." Someone said to him, "Why Moses, I did not know that you were at the Lakes of Killarney," when with consequential air he answered: "oh yes, it was there I met the original family of the Lakes." Mrs. Lake, his wife, was as near in color to white as he was to coal black and quite as elegant, claiming right to highest regard, having been brought up in the aristocratic family of Commodore Porter. She was indeed a most dignified woman, and by general consent of everyone, white and colored, was called Mrs. Lake.

The gate of the Navy Yard was about twenty yards from our front door and I had many friends among the officers families, whom I prized highly. With pleasure I recall that of Professor Chauvenet, the light of the academy. He was Professor of Mathematics, applied to Astronomy, and to this was added the accomplishment of music. He gloried in the works of Beethoven and played on Sunday -- a great sin in those days of narrowness - even at the expense of giving scandal. That interesting family moved to St. Louis and most of them have joined the great majority. The Lockwoods were another family that I visited very intimately. They had one son who perished in one of those expeditions to the North Pole. Their daughter married Commodore Sigsbee who commanded the Maine when she was blown up on the coast of Cuba. Annapolis was a delightful old place; replete with historic associations. The massive buildings of St. John's College still stand intact -- vestige of ancient glory.

Six years ago I visited Robert at the academy and upon inquiry found that only one of my old friends was still there -- Mrs. Jessie Haversham, a grand-daughter of Francis Scott Key, author of the immortal "Star Spangled Banner." A queer history, recently come to light, is that of her granddaughter. It seems that a few years ago she became wildly enamored with the king of a band of gypsies, married him and left her luxurious home to wander around the world. Last year somewhere in the West, she died, leaving an infant. Her parents heard of it and sent for the child. A few weeks ago it died. Such was the fate of a descendent of the far-famed Francis Scott Key.

A favorite pastime with us was a sail in the "Rainbow" which the Commander of the Yard placed at our service. Upon one occasion a Midshipman, who was always ready to command the boat was our Captain. He was very much in love with my beautiful cousin, Rebecca Williams, whose charms captivated many of the officers. Our captain who was so much absorbed in conversation with her that he forgot the helm and allowed us to be almost run down by a schooner laden with wood -- one piece striking my cousin Annie on the head, so very near were we.

The Severn River, at that time only here and there dotted with a house, now has its shores lined with beautiful villas and land at that time ten dollars an acre now commands two hundred or more. The old home of Charles Carroll of Carrolltown, situated upon Spa Creek, an arm of the bay was directly in the rear. The Marchioness of Wellesley and Lady Stafford, granddaughter of Charles Carroll donated it to the Redemptorist Fathers; Father Rumfiler was Superior. He was a man of great learning but very eccentric. The first time he called at the Government House I naturally held out my hand to him. He shrank back saying; "I never shake hands with women." Your grandmother congratulated him upon his beautiful residence so situated upon the water as to afford them the delightful advantage of bathing. He replied gravely, "St. Francis Xavier, when upon the coast of China never bathed." Poor man, he lost his mind, became a raving maniac, was sent to Mount Hope and from there to some retreat in Germany.

Our position in Annapolis gave opportunity for acquaintanceship with many prominent and distinguished men and women. I remember Sir William Ously and Mrs. Ously, nee Van Ness. They were friends of the Randalls. Sir William Ously was at that time Ambassador to one of the South American republics. He sang well, and he and I sang duets, enjoying our old time English songs such as " I Know where the Woodbine Twineth". In those days that style of music was greatly admired; today perhaps such compositions would be ridiculed. The great Daniel Webster, eminent constitutional lawyer, the most celebrated this country ever produced, with Mrs. Webster dined with us. He was a man of remarkable personality and to give a pen picture of him is difficult. Imagine a ponderous physique, a figure grandly statuesque with features immobile. Under a forehead of projecting prominence were sunken eyes, deep, dark, mysterious. He spoke but little -- it was multum in parva, but those few words uttered in slow, measured, sepulchral tones, given out in Delphic style evoked admiration not unmingled with shivering sensations of creeping coldness. Mrs. Webster was far from being a typical society woman. She was simple in manner, gentle and motherly. It was during the administration of Mr. Pierce that this visit occurred and in this connection, Mr. Pierce naturally comes to my mind. The contrast in style and manner between these two distinguished men was remarkable. Mr. Pierce was cordial and polished and in point of intellect might be compared to a sharpshooter; the other a Columbiad. It is impossible for me to remember all the persons of note that I meant during the administration of your Father. One I call to mind, as he visited Annapolis frequently. It was the honorable John G. Marcy, a member of President Pierce's Cabinet. A rather rough and tumble kind of man, with benevolent face and kind word for everybody. He was at the time Secretary of the Navy and his son Lt. Marcy was stationed at the Yard. Lt. Marcy, kind, good fellow, was one of the first victims of the Civil War. At the taking of Fort Sumpter he was struck by a cannon ball and instantly killed.

It was in the year 1852 that the President offered to your father the mission to China and to your grandfather Polk the Consulship in Bordeaux. Neither one accepted and as things happened they made a mistake, for soon the Civil War came on and the sad results we all know.

Amongst the many interesting and I may say amusing things that occurred in Annapolis, I note one in particular which was a source of amusement to us at that time. One day your father came from the State House and mentioned that a gentleman had called upon him that day, a man of fine presence and distinguished ancestry, no one more or less than Mr. Washington, grandnephew of General Washington and owner of Mt. Vernon where he then resided. He called upon Mr. and Mrs. O'Neil. Mr. O'Neil was Secretary of State. They were charmed and highly flattered at the attention. He showed Mrs. O'Neil the miniature of his sister in which she saw a striking resemblance to all of the pictures she had seen of the Washington family. His visit to Annapolis was short -- not more than two or three days; but in that time he was wined and dined and paid every consideration in honor of his great uncle. From Annapolis he went to Baltimore. Two days afterwards the papers were teeming with a great robbery. A man calling himself Washington had robbed the shops of two Jewelers, one of them a Mr. Brown and when the so-called Washington confronted Mr. Brown the former exclaimed; "Well, Mr. Brown, did I not do you up brown."

Another interesting occurrence mostly pathetic, I recall. With some friends I visited the Penitentiary in Baltimore, merely as a matter of curiosity. Passing through a hall, a young man sitting in one of the small rooms of the Prison attracted my attention. Unlike the class of criminals generally seen, I thought to myself that young man must have a history. He seemed to be occupying himself in making pen and ink sketches and his work was very credible. He had the face of culture and refinement. Around him was negligently but tastefully entwined a sash of varied colors. Asking the Attendant particulars of his incarceration, was told that he was a stranger without friends in the City and had been convicted of stealing books. Good Heavens, I thought, poor, friendless, hungry for books, who like the poor steal a loaf of bread to sustain Corporal life, he may have hungered for mental sustenance and yielded to temptation. I knew that a report to your father would be heeded. I quickly gave it and with the desired effect. The case was investigated, the young man was pardoned and sent to his home in Canada.

In 1853 I made a short visit to my friend, Mrs. General Emory, then living in Washington. She was a great granddaughter of the illustrious Benjamin Franklin and a worthy descendant of her great ancestor. With her I called upon Mrs. Pierce at the White House and had a pleasant visit. She was not a handsome woman, pale, thin, with small attenuated features. Her manner was gentle,

composed and marked with a tinge of melancholy, which one might well understand, coming as it must from the recent loss of her only child, a boy of eleven years, under circumstances most harrowing. The President, Mrs. Pierce, and the little boy were in a railroad car en route to Washington, the day before the Inauguration. A detached rail from the track pierced the car just where the little boy stood, struck him violently, causing instantaneous death. The stricken parents entered the City bowed down in sorrow. No flags were flying, no cannons booming on that day of interest to the Nation. A somber cloud overhung the City and acclamations due to the high honor bestowed upon the President was silenced. Alas! honors great and lofty are valueless to the heart yearning for that never-to-be-realized, never-to-return.

In looking over these scattered memories, I find that the history of the Vincendiere family as connected with their emigration to the United States. Of course it is interesting to you and such as I have heard will relate. They were refugees from San Domingo. Aunt Victoire told me that her uncle was one of the victims of the Insurrection, having been shot by a native whilst seated at the dinner table. Singular coincidence, my mother's brother, Andrew Stuart, Consul to Manila, was killed in a massacre of the English by the natives of that Island. To return to my subjects, your grandmother was Adelaide, said to have been beautiful and accomplished. She came to America when a child of four years. Helen, who married Mr. de Pitroy was an infant. Aunt Victoire was sixteen years old -- a charming young girl who gave up an engagement of marriage with a young nobleman to remain with her mother and devote her life to the education of her brothers and sisters. Aunt Emerentienne was next in age to Aunt Victoire -- a superior woman, but as I was told, without the charm of the other sisters. She married Captain Corbelay, an officer of the U.S. Army, who graduated at West Point in the same class as your grandfather, Bradley Lowe. Whilst endeavoring to find a record of Madame de Pitroy's marriage, that of your grandmother and Aunt Corbelay were found -- unfortunately there was no trace of that for which I was searching. There were in the family two sons. You have the sketches that were drawn by them. They both died of that dreadful Monocacy fever that was prevalent in Frederick at that time. Their graves are marked by a plain granite slab and by their side are the remains of your great-grandmother, Madame de la Vincendiere, and Chevalier de Pitroy -- the latter, I suppose of Louis de Pitroy. They were buried in the old churchyard and the church being torn down, were removed to a new cemetery where they now lie with our own dear ones. The lots are kept up in good condition. The Hermitage, their house was bought by the family and there they lived until the changes of time and conditions made it necessary to leave and move into the town. I have been told that their house was beautiful and an asylum for many a penniless exile from France and San Domingo. It was there that your father was born. They lived at the Hermitage several years after his birth. The family being reduced to three in number, they removed to Frederick where they built that old comfortable home which the

cruel Civil War obliged us to leave. At the age of 13 your father was sent to Clongoes College, a Jesuit institution in Ireland and there remained until old enough to be admitted into Stonyhurst, in England. It was at the latter College that the President told a friend from America that there was a student there -- a young American -- "a diamond of the first order". At that College he was classmate and peer of Miles Gerald Kern, who was afterwards Colonial Secretary to Bermuda -- a man of brilliant parts! He took the silver medal for poetry and your father for philosophy. He and his wife visited us in Brooklyn; no one could ever forget his grand personality and the eloquence of his conversation. He had written many books; amongst them "Dion and the Sybils" which appeared in the Catholic Magazine and was treated by critics as a work of merit. The poor man contracted the terrible morphine habit and died in the prime of life. Another schoolmate of your father, I cannot forget, Judge Thomas Dwyer of Texas, a native of Kildare. He was a striking illustration of Irish wit and good manners. He came to America several years before I saw him, settled in Texas and was made Judge. It was a genuine pleasure to hear him and your father talk about schooldays and schoolfellows. The name of Lord Peter and another whose name is vague just now, were in imagination my familiar acquaintances. When I was young, I enjoyed the stories real and romantic of old Ireland. That famous country where at a certain spot " the Devil whipped his wife" and her moans and screams were heard ten miles away; and where a disease called shingles could only be cured by a drop of blood from a black cat's tail, or the blood of a man named Walsh; or again to enjoy, as in Seraphic dreams, the soothing notes of "The Harp that Once Through Tara's Hall". Now no more romance; cold realities have intervened to check the tide, and only dregs of youth's poetic musings are left to me.

In 1853 Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, and his suite, visited Annapolis. He was charming! Although but a short time in the English speaking Countries, he spoke the language with an elegance rarely heard. It was said that he had taken the works of Shakespeare as his model. Madame Kossuth was a plain looking woman, unpretending. She spoke very little English. Count Polsky, next in rank, was rather insignificant in appearance and seemed to be a light-hearted cheerful person who enjoyed everything that came along -- particularly liver puddings and sausages, which he ate ravenously, for example three puddings and two links of sausages and when invoked to take a third helping, "Oh, no, I thank you, I never eat much". Those Hungarians were Hungrygarians, I assure you.

That winter was the coldest I ever felt. The Bay was entirely frozen over.

We left Annapolis in 1854. That year my Victoire was born. And my lovely Cousin Rebecca died at our house. For some time she had been engaged to be married to Bird Washington, great-nephew of the famous General Washington.

Knowing that her disease was fatal, she broke the engagement and died two months after. She was one of those ideal women that we read of, but rarely see. Beautiful in form, angelic in nature, adored by friend, she died in her 28th year.

Soon after I returned to Frederick, Adelaide and Anna both small children, were sent to school at the Visitation Convent.

In 1861 rumors of war filled the air. Consternation and dread were everywhere felt. The Legislature of the State met in Frederick. All men of prominence, supposed to be sympathizers of the South were marked. Your father was amongst them and his intimate friend, Henry May, father of Mrs. John S. Gittings, was caught and imprisoned in Fort LaFayette. Your father, unduly excited, as you might suppose one of his mercurial organization would be, made his escape by crossing into Virginia, where we followed soon after. At that time I had eight children, Esther only five months old. Never can I forget the discomfort of that journey to Richmond, where your father was awaiting us. A few days in Richmond and we went to Ashland, a pretty little village a few miles away. There we remained several months with our little Maryland contingent, who were extremely congenial, notably the family of Admiral McBlair. Mrs. McBlair was bright and witty. I recall that upon one occasion a country woman of the peasant class called to see Mr. Cox, manager of the hotel. Her errand was selling eggs. The living room adjoined the office of Mr. Cox. One morning while we were all sitting and chatting in homelike style, the head of a woman covered with a countrymade hood was poked through a half-open door; "Is this the sitting room." Mrs. McBlair answered quickly: "Yes, this is the hens' sitting room and you will find the cocks next door."

My two daughters who were just old enough to enjoy society were pleased with their sojourn in Ashland, and I too enjoyed it until my darling little Stuart, that beautiful manly little fellow was taken to heaven. We left him in a vault in Richmond and after the war was over his remains were placed beside our dear ones in the St. John's Cemetery in Frederick.

Whilst in Ashland, we occupied one of the cozy little cottages on the grounds of the Ashland Hotel, the main building being crowded with persons, generally refugees like ourselves. We remained there until the following April - ten months - when the Union Army approaching Richmond, compelled us to leave. Where to go was the question. At last Georgia was decided upon, owing to the fact that both your father and I had relatives there. Admiral McBlair had been ordered to Mobile and upon the same day we all left together. When traveling the Blue Ridge Mountains in the extreme north of Georgia we halted for two or three days to rest which was necessary after a rough ride in a worn out car upon a most dilapidated road. Admiral McBlair remarked he had often heard the song "Old Virginny Never Tires" and he could now understand why,

as nothing could go fast enough to tire. Such jogging along stopping everywhere and for everything was a wonder to us who had traveled on the B & O, however, we reached our destination at last. Perseverance gains its reward; but in that particular case it is hard to see where the reward comes in. The second stopping place was Marietta, a beautiful village and in it an excellent hotel. Amongst the guests I recall particularly a charming Jewish family named Levy, from Savannah. They were highly cultivated and belonged to that class of Jews who occupy a prominent social position in the South. It was at Marietta that we all separated; the McBlairs went to Alabama; Paul and Vivian were sent to the Jesuit College in Mobile. Victoire and Anna went to the Ursuline Convent in Columbia. The mention of that Convent revives memories dear and sacred. The following year I went to the Distribution there and to my surprise - it was all meant to give me such - Anna played upon the harp. I had no idea that she had taken lessons, so my wonderment and pleasure may be imagined. To continue this pilgrimage in the land, I may say of sorrow - for grim visaged war was at its height - the next place to be reached was Milledgeville where your Aunt Ariana lived with her husband Lucilius Briscoe, a lawyer well known as a brilliant orator. The following January you were born - a war baby. To relate all the trials, troubles and tribulations connected with your advent into this world at that epoch would be difficult. Suffice it to say that the back was fitted to the burden. Milledgeville was a sociable little place, the people somewhat rustic but very kind. Often we met Governor Brown and his wife - both genuine country people from the mountains of Georgia. Many stories were told of Mrs. Brown's awkward doings and sayings which must have been exaggerated - they were so very ridiculous. The Governor, a man of talent and much native dignity, had improved, so it was said, much more than his wife. My recollection of him is very vivid. It was he who sold your father Georgia bonds representing thousands of dollars which afterwards were repudiated by the State. It is not my intention to cast any reflection upon him, for if anything in the world could be considered safe, it was those bonds - the pledged honor of the State.

The summer of 1863 we left Milledgeville for a visit to Governor Johnson's family who lived on a plantation. Mrs. Johnson was nee Anne Polk. She was my father's half sister - the only child of my grandfather, Judge William Polk by his third marriage. With our kind Aunt and Uncle we spent six weeks; then on to Augusta where in the hospitable home of Dr. Alexander Dugas, your father's cousin, we passed the remainder of the summer. In October we returned to Milledgeville hoping to find comfortable quarters for the winter. Just then, in the condition of the country, it was a difficult problem to solve - every nook and corner being taken up by refugees. Had we sought a house for two, three, or four persons, there might have been some difficulty; but a father, mother, and several children - think of it ! Nobody wanted children. It looked to us like a hopeless case until a kind woman, whose expansive heart took pity, actually left her own house, which was situated in a little hamlet named Scottsborough,

about three miles from Milledgeville, and went to live with her sister, Mrs. Carter, whose home was just across the road. Miss Maria Macdonald and Mrs. Carter were daughters of Governor Macdonald. They were that type of woman so often described in the English novels, quietly elegant, dignified, and cultured. They were very rich in land and negroes, even at that time, for the earthquake had not yet swallowed up everything.

Our experience in that little country place was sometimes amusing. I call to mind one occasion when Adelaide gave a party - for although war was at its height Southern people continued to "eat, drink, and be merry", not withstanding tomorrow we may die. Our cottage was small and without considering its limitations - the spirit of hospitality overruling discretion and good judgment - so numerous were the guests that some of them were obliged to sit on the stairs of the porch, and fortunately as the weather was hot, managed to find comfortable seats under the trees in the garden; however, it was war times and all unheard of experiments were excusable. The entertainment went off with great éclat. The corporal man was administered to abundantly and everybody was happy. Fifteen months were passed in that sleepy little place consisting of about six families. Each house was hidden in clumps of trees and literally every man lived under his own vine and fig tree. Never have I seen such grape vines. In our garden was one scupanong vine, covering at least an eighth of an acre. One could sit in its body and feast upon the luscious fruit, picking the grapes one by one for that species never grow in bunches - always a twig holding two or three. Figs were in abundance and in fact no want of excellent fruits and meals was then known. Flour was scarce and high. About the close of the war we paid in Confederate money about fifteen hundred dollars for a barrel of flour. Corn meal was abundant; coffee was very scarce and as substitute sweet potatoes cut into small pieces and burned were considered satisfactory. Some persons preferred peanuts burned, other liked wheat parched. All imported goods were enormously high - of course, very scarce owing to the blockade. Thanks to kind Providence we never suffered for want of food and although our clothing was homely it was like everybody's, so that all being in the same boat no criticism could be made - indeed we were better off than many for our good friend, Mr. Doize - and I must say, like the Irish, Lord have mercy on his soul - sent us from Charleston where he got goods through the blockade a large box of clothing. Poor fellow, he lost all earthly goods, and still worse lost his mind, and afterwards died in a hospital in New York. We sent his remains to New Orleans and from his wife I received a letter of thanks. His story is a sad one. His father, a French refugee, died in Baltimore; his mother I suppose was dead, and to this boy - then about 18 years old - was left the care of three little sisters. He brought them to the Frederick Convent and it was there that I knew them. Your grandmother whose heart was always touched at misfortune, particularly in a case so appealing to sympathy, was kind to those

orphan children whose brother treasured it sacredly. This little episode is grateful to me as a reminder of a noble nature.

I have lost the thread of my story and will now go back to our little hamlet. Excepting the family of the Carters, there were no persons of high social standing there - all respectable and thrifty; a few without slaves, belonging naturally to the plain class. I note an occasion rather amusing. A young girl informed me that she had come from Macon the day before and in the car was seated near her a police office who had in charge two "ladies" and two "gentlemen" whom he was taking to the penitentiary.

The Carters were persons of aristocratic descent and highly cultured. It was a treat to hear Mrs. Carter soft, gentle voice in conversation, so indicative of high breeding. Major Napier, another neighbor, called often to see us. He had seen better days, but through misfortune incident to the times was obliged to sell his little farm. It was a nice place, of about one hundred acres and on it a small house that was in fact only a cabin. I persuaded your father to purchase it. The land was good for cotton and peas. We thought it a good thing to buy and at the same time help the Major out of his temporary embarrassment. We remained at Scottsborough until the alarm of Sheridan's approach hurried us off to Augusta, and there, in a most dilapidated house - but the best that could be found - we passed a winter of unspeakable discomfort. Fortunately we had kind friends there and but for that our sojourn would have been dismal in the extreme. A cord of sympathy bound us all together. We suffered the same terrors of suspense and bodily privations. No clothes, except the homely homespun, as it was called, a kind of striped cloth woven by the country people on looms manufactured years and years before; no bread but that made of cornmeal, no meat but the most indifferent, and of that but very little - in fact brought down to the slimmest necessities of life, and thankful for that. The danger of taking Augusta averted - Savannah being the objective point - we returned to Milledgeville. Your father bought a load of spun cotton which we found convenient as a medium of exchange - the country people being no longer willing to take Confederate money. I can see as now, with our load of children and luggage, crowded into a car kindly placed at our disposal by the President of the Georgia railroad, starting off for Milledgeville. Louis, then about ten years of age, was perched upon the top of the bales of cotton and enjoyed immensely that novel mode of transit. Aunt Ariana hired for us a comfortable house in Milledgeville and contribution of necessary furniture made by friends answered well for our comfort. Times were hard; we managed however through agreeable society and general conviviality to pass quite a bright summer. Everybody felt that the war was coming to an end and the hope of returning to home and friends was made manifest in word and action everywhere. It was there that my little James. my last child, was born. In November 1865, war over, we left Georgia for Maryland. An old worn out ship we had to take at Savannah. Such a

voyage; everybody deadly sick; even you, almost a baby, did not escape. Heaven favored me. I had no time to be sick, for the charge of a baby three months and seven sick children were quite enough to appeal to mercy. To enjoy the sweet one must take the bitter. In four days New York was sighted. What joy to see signs of life. We piled into an omnibus and went to a hotel and - upon a breakfast of buckwheat cakes and sausages - the first seen in four years - we poor pilgrims feasted to repletion, and with renewed strength continued our journey, reaching Baltimore in good time, where our good brother-in-law, Mr. Gorter, met and took us to his house - the home of peace and plenty - where with a smile of welcome my dear sister Mary embraced us.

A short time after my arrival in Maryland, I went to visit my friend, Miss Teresa Jamison. Observing on the mantel in her drawing room, a photograph of your father, I inquired how she happened to have it. She told me that it had a curious history. A lady from Baltimore had attempted to go south and was taking for me a bag several articles - amongst them this picture sent by my Mother. When crossing the Potomac she learned that the Union soldiers were watching upon the Virginia shore for persons running the blockade, and becoming alarmed she threw the bag into the river. The tide washed it ashore on the Maryland side. The photograph was recognized and sent to Frederick to Miss Jamison. This is the same picture from which a full sized portrait of your father was made and now hangs in the State House in Annapolis.

Owing to an enactment of the Republican Legislature of Maryland, requiring every Marylander to take what was called the Iron Clad Oath - to the effect that he had never sympathized with the South, your father was obliged to leave the State and in order to practice his profession came to New York, a city which offered more inducements than any other, being Cosmopolitan in character. New York seemed to be the haven of rest and hope to all victims of the Civil War. The Southerner who claimed the most aristocratic lineage, who had counted his slaves by the hundreds - officers of Navy and Army, in fact men from all ranks in life - were to be found in New York, occupied in menial services trying to make a living. I have been told that not more than five or six professional men held their ground and that your father and Judge Roger A. Pryor were the only two lawyers, of the many, who remained.

In April 1866 we journeyed into New York with our nine children and there your father at the age of 45 years entered again into the battle of life. I have often thought how courageous to go into a strange land, in an unsympathetic community, weighed down, as he was, with a load of nine children, all dependent upon a brain that ought to have been exhausted from care, responsibility, and harrowing suspense during four long years. How kind was Providence to him to sustain nerve and brain under the fearful struggle for existence which followed those dark days after the close of the war. Knowing

his high strung, sensitive organism I often wondered from whence came this heroic courage -- this daring effort to stem the tide of unrelenting misfortune and not sink in its steps. Truly it was courage engendered in a transcendent sense of duty to his children. The burden was heavy -- seemed overpowering -- but manfully he shouldered it and marched on though staggering under its weight.

We took a house in Brooklyn and in the course of time made friends. One family in particular, near neighbors, I found congenial and with pleasure recall them. The head of the house, a kind generous friend, always sympathetic and ready to do a good turn -- we were all very fond of. He had his little weaknesses, not unusual to a man of his temperament -- an inordinate admiration for the fair sex. An old Irish woman was asked by his wife to look at his portrait just finished. The old woman's criticism was quite apt. She said: "Ah, indeed, it is just like him; but in truth it is not for the good of his soul that he has them eyes in his head." It is sad indeed that all these dear friends have passed away.

My dear Child, my monitor warns me that length is not strength; hence heeding this admonition, I close these scant memories which drawn from a span of 89 years are but flying fragments caught as they come and go; but one there is immutable, dearest and sweetest, sacredly sealed in this heart -- it is the memory of the constant affection of my daughters and their devoted husbands, to whose solicitude and generosity are due comforts unsparingly given and gratefully enjoyed.

(Signed) *Devotedly,*

Mother

90 Greene Avenue
Brooklyn, New York
March 14, 1913